

Entombed

Story: Entombed

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Summary: Oneshot. When you're beneath a mountain's worth of rock, you have ample time to think...

***Chapter 1*: Entombed**

I am trapped.

Held beneath a mile of solid rock, the very physical embodiment of Venus the only thing between me and the bright, airy freedom of the world above. Ensnared, crushed, dominated.

But not beaten. Never beaten.

It's quite ironic really, in the more common sense of the word. My journey began in the makeshift, gargantuan coffin lid of rock above me, within its hallowed halls, where my plans were followed brilliantly by my acquaintances. They played their parts like actors on a stage...

And what am I save from a playwright? A weaver of words, truths, lies?

Yes, I am a manipulator. Machiavellian, you could say. After all, the ends justify the means...and for an end as grand and important as mine, anything went as far as the means were concerned.

Back to the irony...yes, my journey started in the crushing rock above, and it ended here as well...though not in the way I would have wished. Although, where there is life, there is hope. Even with millions of tons of rock above me, and the ground below, I am not dead. Why kill off such an important actor if he still has a role to play?

I envy him. The Wise One. Not for his power and knowledge, no...but for something else, something I have only recently come to understand.

He is a playwright too. A magnificent one.

The whole sequence of events was started by myself and those fools from Prox, yes...we pushed the rock that would start the landslide. But everything else? It was his stage. His play.

He is a manipulator the likes of which I dream of being. Which is why being beaten, outsmarted, outmanoeuvred by him doesn't smart as much as it should.

Why?

Because it gives me something to strive for. A goal. And with newfound powers like mine, however diminished they are (thanks to the Wise One and his masterful sleight of hand), will let me achieve this goal.

But not right now. Now is a time for reflection. There more I understand my mistakes, the more formidable I will be when I return. I will brand my mark on the grand tapestry of life and become a legend...or a god.

I think back to the day the curtain opened, so to speak. Sol Sanctum. Gaining three of the Elemental Stars. I had planned on getting them all, but I could accommodate at least one being in the hands of an opposing force...and, we had leverage, in the form of their companions.

Everything else more or less went swimmingly. Even the loss of Saturos and Menardi wasn't a large issue. Karst and Agatio more than compensated. So I watched. I waited. And when the time came, when Mars Lighthouse was beckoning...I sprung.

It didn't take long to get back to Vale and climb Mount Aleph. Most of the journey was a string of rapid teleporting...

it sapped a lot of my strength, but I had anticipated that issue, and carefully acquired a few Psynergy Stones to make sure I could last the trip. It took me an hour or two to complete that leg of the journey, crossing hundreds of miles faster than anything else in Weyard.

The climb was a nightmare, though. I am a talker, a thinker, not a person truly inclined to physical activity. Nevertheless, it was the only thing between me and the limitless power of Alchemy.

Until *he* arrived. That single eye, framed by grey rock... stronger than anything I've ever had the misfortune to encounter.

Broken. Humiliated. Thrown around like a rag doll.

And then, being left for dead as the mountain collapsed and sank...

And so, here I lie. In my tomb. To stay buried forever.

Or so they think.

My aquamarine eyes glow softly.

The world around me shakes, and I begin the slow, inexorable, tunnelling rise to the surface.

The curtain has yet to fall on *this* little actor, my friends...